

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1858, and is now in its 45th year. It is published every day except Sunday and public holidays. It is the only newspaper in the city. It is the only newspaper in the city. It is the only newspaper in the city.

**Societies Occupying Mercury Hall**  
MASSONS LODGE, No. 1, N. E. O. P., No. 1, 101 Thames street, occupies the hall on Thursday evening in each month.  
THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, occupies the hall on Friday evening in each month.  
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## Local Matters.

### Ocean Lodge, A. O. U. W.

District Deputy Allen G. Griffith, assisted by a board of grand officers, installed the following officers of Ocean Lodge, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Thursday evening:  
Master Workman—George L. Sutherland.  
Foreman—George E. Evans.  
Clerk—E. P. Barker.  
Scribe—E. P. Barker.  
Representative to Grand Lodge—Frank E. G. Parlow.  
The lodge adopted resolutions of sympathy for Past Master Workman William O. Milne. Past Master Workman Frank H. G. Barlow was presented with a jewel of his rank, the presentation being made by District Deputy Allen G. Griffith. The meeting was closed with an enjoyable social session.

### Republican Dinner.

The Newport Republican Association will have a dinner in Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, February 12th, Lincoln's birthday. Besides good food, good music and a general good time there will be speaking by several distinguished gentlemen of national reputation. The expense of the dinner will be made low enough so that all can afford to attend, and it is hoped that every Republican in Newport will avail himself of the opportunity.

At a meeting of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, this week it was decided to hold an evening at which at the residence of Mrs. John P. Sandorn during the last of the month, probably on Thursday evening, January 23. Admission will be by ticket at 50 cents each. At the same meeting Mrs. A. C. Landers resigned as delegate and Sarah N. Sayer as alternate to the National Congress at Washington in February, and Mrs. Albert S. Howard was elected delegate and Miss Edith M. Tilley alternate. Both Mrs. Howard and Miss Tilley will attend the session of the Congress with the regret, making the largest delegation that ever represented William Ellery Chapter at the national capital.

The De Tonnay monument to be erected upon King park in this city will soon be begun, a design having been decided upon this week. Philip E. Martin, a New York sculptor, submitted a design which won the approval of the jury who were to pass upon the merits of the plans submitted in competition. The monument will cost \$3,000 and will be erected on the spot where the French troops landed when they came to the aid of the patriots during the Revolution.

Miss Martha Landers entertained at luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Myra Reynolds, whose engagement to Mr. George F. Courne has been announced.  
Mrs. George C. Shaw of this city is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Ricker at Lacombe, N. H.

## Nearing Completion.

### New Building for the Newport Historical Society

On March 3, 1902, occurs the fiftieth anniversary of the Newport Historical Society and it is hoped that on that date the new building now in process of construction for library purposes can be thrown open to the public. The building is sufficiently advanced toward completion to warrant the belief that this can be done. Of the original members of the society, founded in 1852, but one, Hon. William P. Sheffield, Sr., is now living.  
The new building will do much to promote the welfare of the society and its usefulness to the public. Heretofore, while the library, museum and offices were housed into one building and practically in one room, the work has gone forward only under very considerable difficulties. Visitors to see the curiosities in the museum have made confusion for those who wished to consult books in the library and on Saturdays the school children have thronged the rooms in such numbers as to interfere with other workers. After the new building is occupied everything will be systematized and the two departments will be entirely separated.

The new building is a substantial structure. It is not handsome architecturally from the outside as the building committee decided that the inside was the part on which they wished to expend their money. The material is brick with stone facings. It stands 34 by 30 feet on the ground and contains two stories and a basement. It is placed eight feet in front of the old building and is connected therewith by a passageway. There are two entrances, the main one being on Thayer street and this is flanked by the white pillars taken from the front of the old building, which, it will be remembered, was the old Seventh Day Baptist church. Over the side entrance on the west side has been erected the hood from the old Ayrault building, built about 1755. This building was recently torn down to make room for the new Kirtin block on Thayer street and at that time Mr. Kirtin presented the hood to the society. The side entrance connects with both buildings, the old and the new, and will be used to enter either the museum or the library, the front entrance opening into the library only.  
The interior is finished in ash and white plaster. On the first floor are the fireproof vaults for preserving valuable records, a large one for three documents that are the property of the society and a smaller one for those that are deposited with the society by towns, churches or individuals. In the record room outside the vaults there will be metallic cases for the preservation of less valuable papers.

Adjoining the record room on the front of the building is the reception room or office of the librarian, Mr. B. Hammett Tilley. The main room on this floor is devoted to the bound volumes of newspapers, there being 190 feet for this purpose alone. There is ample shelf room around the walls, and in the center of the room will be reading tables. One corner has been given over to the files of the Newport Mercury alone.

The stairway to the second floor leads from the main entrance hall. In the recess of the stairs will be placed a bust of the late Dr. Turner made by his brother, William Turner, and presented to the society by his family. The second floor comprises the library proper. This is a large room, about 32x27 with 15 feet from floor to ceiling. The ceiling is paneled and mowed. The room is equipped with a new system of shelving, the supports being of iron and the shelves adjustable. The shelving that will be at once put in will accommodate some eight thousand volumes, which will be sufficient for two or three years, and when more room is needed additional shelves can be added, enough to store 20,000 books without crowding the room. In this room also there will be tables for reading and consultation. At the rear of the room is the door leading into the room devoted to the use of Mr. Tilley's efficient young lady assistants, Miss Edith M. Tilley and Miss Katharine M. Stevens, and over this door will be hung the only picture in the room. This is the portrait of Dr. David King, one of the founders of the society and its first president. This portrait was recently painted expressly for the society and was the gift of Miss Annie King, his daughter.  
The basement is large and perfectly dry, being firmly concreted. The boiler room for the heating apparatus is carefully fireproofed. A dumb waiter runs from the basement to the second floor.

In the construction of the building much attention has been paid to fireproofing. Wherever the new building adjoins the old the doors and partitions are covered with metal, completely surrounding the two. The contractor, Mr. John Mame, has done his work well, devoting much of his personal attention to the structure. The cost, including equipment, will be only \$7,500, a remarkably low figure for the results obtained. The design of the building was the personal work of Mr. Tilley and was reduced to details by the architect, Jonas Bergner.  
After the new building is finished the old building will be used simply as a museum. It is excellently adapted for this purpose and the society has material enough of an exceedingly interesting and valuable nature to fill it. The old building was moved from its former location on Hamer street to its present site in 1887 and since that time has been the home of the Newport Historical Society. The society has accomplished a great deal in its fifty years and the members rightly feel that they will be in a position to do much more when the added facilities afforded by the new building are ready for use.

## The Aged Dead.

During the year 1902 there passed away in the city of Newport ninety one persons who had passed the allotted span of three score years and ten. This was a greater number than during the previous year, as in 1901 seventy-nine persons died at the age of 70 or over. Of these 91 decedents three had passed the age of 90, the oldest being Alice Hazard Champin who had completed 94 years of life.

The total ages of these decedents is 7066 and the average age, without figuring months, 77.5.

The names of those who died at the age of 70 or over are as follows:

- Mary Elizabeth Dyer 70
- Ann Murray 70
- Catherine Boylan 70
- Rebecca Boylston 70
- Helen M. Greene 70
- Sarah Gannon 70
- Mary Ann Williams 71
- Thomas Marland 71
- Isaac Rice 71
- James Walsh 71
- Anastasia Lynch 71
- Benjamin Ocan 71
- Elizabeth Vayn 71
- Elizabeth Winslow Vernon 71
- Abbie West Gladding 71
- Mary E. Goddard 71
- Jane Kenoy 71
- Mary Bailey Shaw 71
- Andrew Jackson Greene 71
- George Way Swinburne 71
- Sarah Butler 71
- Caroline Augusta Newman 71
- Sarah Spence 71
- James H. White 71
- Margaret Stackpole Dunbar 71
- George Pease 71
- Elizabeth Dunn 71
- Aoe Leverine Helgesen 71
- Mary A. B. Popple 71
- Thomas Rollin Rowland 71
- Oliver H. P. Coggeshall 71
- Benjamin Harry Watson 71
- Bridget Loughlin 71
- Anna M. T. Collins 71
- Norah Lynch 71
- Elizabeth Hanton 71
- Mary Helen Peck 71
- James Connell 71
- Reinhardt Helgeson 71
- Melissa Hicks 71
- Morris Rosen 71
- Charlotte Stealing Lawton 71
- Mary Elizabeth Almy Watson 71
- Samuel Read Boone 71
- Abby Elizabeth Wood 71
- Mehitable M. G. Lawton 71
- Mary Catherine Duffee 71
- Henry P. Williams 71
- Ann Lewis 71
- Peleg Battles Huddy 71
- Charles Edward Hammett, Jr., 71
- James Mason Grinnell 71
- Frank Benedict 71
- William Borden Sherman 71
- Sarah Hazard Moorehead 71
- Joseph Albro 71
- Ruth Amelia Powell 71
- Sarah Shaw Stewart 71
- Sarah A. Underwood 71
- Benjamin Cozzens Weaver 71
- Jane Johanna Kelly 71
- Lydia A. Dawley 71
- Elizabeth Stanhope Engs 71
- Robert Stanhope Barker 71
- Fannie C. Weeden 71
- Mary A. P. O'Brien 71
- Elizabeth P. Battens 71
- Clara B. Chase 71
- Lucinda N. Cough 71
- Elizabeth Child Turner 71
- Rachel Downing Giff 71
- Sarah Wilcox West 71
- Henrietta P. Insh 71
- Stephen B. Skavin 71
- Samuel Olenchaw 71
- George C. Scott 71
- Alfred Lawton 71
- Isannah Shubb 71
- Emma G. Hazard 71
- Hannah Spier 71
- Lydia Hall 71
- Richard Golden 71
- Mary Sullivan 71
- Sarah M. Bedford 71
- Catherine Moulton Minkler 71
- Charlotte Wilbur 71
- Mary Ann Hopkins 71
- Abby Hull Sherman Townsend 71
- Caroline Buchanan 71
- Mary Casey 71
- Alke Hazard Champin 71

William T. Lacey of this city who, while an enlisted man in the United States army, shot and killed a police officer whom he thought to be one of a party of civilians who had been annoying him, has been acquitted by a jury at Kingston, R. I., of the charge of murder. At the time of the trouble Lacey was on his way to Fort Omaha, after visiting his sister in this city.

Mr. John W. Corvill is spending his vacation at the West Indies, and expects to visit the ruins at Mt. Pelée caused by the eruptions.

Mr. Marshall Ball, of Block Island, is visiting relatives in this city.

## School Committee.

### No Choice Yet of a High School Site—Finance for the Year—The New Committee.

The school committee held its first meeting for the new year on Monday evening last when considerable business was transacted. The meeting was called to order by Secretary Lull and Dr. Bradley and Clark Burdick were elected respectively temporary chairman and temporary secretary. After the new members had presented their credentials Dr. C. F. Barker was unanimously re-elected chairman. The salary of the superintendent of schools was fixed at \$3,500 and Mr. H. W. Lull was unanimously re-elected to fill that position.

Superintendent Lull's monthly report contained the following items of interest:  
The total enrollment for the month ending December 24, 1902, was 3,858; the average number belonging 3,328; the average attendance 2,962, the percent of attendance 89, cases of tardiness 696, cases of dismissal 52. The total enrollment December 20, 1901, was 3,802. In the Townsend Industrial School 1,053 pupils were enrolled.

The total enrollment in the evening elementary school was 138, average belonging 50, average attending 30; the enrollment in the evening bookkeeping classes was 22, average attending 7; the enrollment in the evening drawing classes was 47, average attending 24.

The amount credited to the Teachers' Retirement Fund at date is \$8,952.39. The total receipts for this department for 1902 were \$106,185.80; the expenditures for twelve months amounted to \$108,580.27; balance, \$2,595.53. The balance of \$2,595.53 is due to the fact that coal could not be bought as usual in July for the whole of the following school year.

One or more teachers in all the schools except one will add the stamp savings agent of the Newport Charity Organization Society in this excellent work. The teachers are unwilling to assume any financial responsibility, but will help in the manual work, and in creating a greater interest. The coal famine has shown the value of the system of saving as carried on in many places, for with the accumulation of these seemingly trifling savings, families have been made more comfortable.

Truant Officer Topham's report contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 123; number of cases of truancy (public 4, parochial 0); 4; number out for illness and other causes, 119; number of different children truant, 3; number found not attending school, 6; number sent to public schools, 4; number sent to Catholic schools, 2. I recommend the prosecution of Hester Ann Jones, for not sending her child to school according to law; also Francis Gillis, Bruce Addison and Julius Lutz, for not attending school according to law.

The finance committee presented the following report of receipts and expenditures for 1902 and the probable expenditures for 1903:

The receipts of the public school department for the year 1902 were as follows:

|  |              |
|--|--------------|
| City appropriation,                        | \$20,000 00  |
| Income from Rogers fund,                   | 1,000 00     |
| Income from King and                       | 50 00        |
| Metal fund,                                | 50 00        |
| Income from state for teachers,            | 5,215 28     |
| Income from state for high schools,        | 700 00       |
| Income from state for evening schools,     | 100 00       |
| Income from state for apartments,          | 200 00       |
| Income from poll taxes,                    | 501 00       |
| Folio of non-resident pupils, etc.,        | 2,264 34     |
| Total,                                     | \$30,766 58  |
| The expenditures for 1902 were as follows: |              |
| High School,                               | \$11,117 75  |
| Townsend Industrial,                       | 2,501 47     |
| Grammar schools,                           | 12,211 14    |
| Intermediate schools,                      | 11,220 00    |
| Primary schools,                           | 1,000 00     |
| Kindergarten,                              | 2,250 25     |
| Parish school,                             | 600 00       |
| Truancy,                                   | 1,500 00     |
| Miscellaneous,                             | 200 00       |
| Physical culture,                          | 750 00       |
| Evening drawing,                           | 235 00       |
| Evening elementary,                        | 220 00       |
| Superintendent,                            | 3,500 00     |
| Central assistance,                        | 6,500 00     |
| Truant officer,                            | 900 00       |
| Repairs and improvement,                   | 7,500 00     |
| Feet,                                      | 3,000 00     |
| Cleaning and whitewashing,                 | 712 00       |
| Furniture,                                 | 331 00       |
| Gas,                                       | 131 15       |
| Rent of telephones,                        | 222 30       |
| Books of reference,                        | 61 25        |
| Books of textbooks,                        | 2,467 00     |
| Printing and advertising,                  | 600 00       |
| Books for high school,                     | 300 00       |
| Blackboard,                                | 16 00        |
| Apparatus,                                 | 2,200 00     |
| Incidental,                                | 645 00       |
| Total,                                     | \$108,580 27 |
| Balance unexpended,                        | \$2,595 53   |

The probable expenditures for the year 1903, estimated after conference with the several standing committees, will be as follows:

|   |              |
|---|--------------|
| Salaries, teachers  | \$75,125 00  |
| Superintendent, janitor, truant officer and clerk             | 12,500 00    |
| Repairs and improvement                                       | 7,500 00     |
| Feet  | 3,000 00     |
| Cleaning and whitewashing, furniture and gas                  | 1,500 00     |
| Rent of telephones and books of reference                     | 1,250 00     |
| Books of textbooks  | 2,467 00     |
| Printing and advertising                                      | 600 00       |
| Books for high school   | 300 00       |
| Blackboard  | 16 00        |
| Apparatus   | 2,200 00     |
| Incidental  | 645 00       |
| Total   | \$111,228 00 |
| Unexpended balance of 1902 needed to cover on January 1, 1903 | 2,595 53     |
| Total   | \$113,823 53 |

Estimated receipts for 1903:

|                      |             |
|----------------------|-------------|
| Project fund         | \$1,000 00  |
| King and Metal funds | 551 00      |
| State appropriation  | 5,215 28    |
| Tuition              | 2,500 00    |
| Poll taxes           | 500 00      |
| Total                | \$10,766 28 |

Needed from city appropriation \$10,766 28  
Total committee recommended, therefore, that a sub-committee from this board be appointed to present a communication to the City Council, embodying these figures, and requesting

## The Council to make the necessary appropriation for the support of the public schools for the year 1903.

An amendment to the rule governing the committee on text books was adopted enabling this committee to buy everything except building material. A letter was received from Mrs. Hamilton Fish Webster recommending the employment of a trained nurse to visit the schools daily, and offering the services of Mrs. Frances Worrell for two months.

The chairman, Dr. Barker, announced the appointment of the following committees:

Standing Committees:  
Finance—Peckham, Stevens, Cottrell, Teachers—Bradley, Mrs. Sorehan, Burdick.

Text Books—Porter, Stevens, Covell, Buildings—Bacheller, Darrah, Covell.

Industrial—Mrs. Sorehan, Bradley, Crandall.

Sub-committees:  
Rogers High—Bradley, Covell, Porter.

Coddington—Darrah, Bradley, Cottrell.

Lentini—Porter, Burdick, Mrs. Sorehan.

Carey—Porter, Covell, Stevens.

Clarke—Stevens, Bacheller, Crandall.

Cranston—Darrah, Peckham, Bradley.

Calvert—Covell, Darrah, Cottrell.

Coggshall—Peckham, Darrah, Burdick.

Potter—Stevens, Bacheller, Mrs. Sorehan.

Callender—Stevens, Darrah.

Edward-Farewell—Porter, Peckham.

Parish—Mrs. Sorehan, Crandall.

Evening—Peckham, Bradley, Cottrell.

The matter of a location for the new high school building was discussed in all its phases at considerable length. An informal ballot was taken resulting in five votes each for the Church street and the Broadway sites and one each for the Central Court and Bull street sites. A formal vote was then called for, and the votes stood 8 for Broadway, 6 for Church street, and one for Central court. Another ballot showed no change and the meeting adjourned.

## Supreme Court.

The common pleas division of the supreme court will meet in this city on Monday next, Judge John T. Blodgett presiding. The docket is quite a long one and there are several cases marked for trial on the early days of the session.

Among the important cases to come up is the suit of John C. Walker vs. Frederick P. Garrettsen et al, set for Monday next, the first day of the session. This case is one of considerable interest in Newporters, involving many of the permanent and summer residents of this city. All those who served as members of the last general committee for Fete Day or who contributed money toward the celebration, are especially interested.

The plaintiff Walker, is, or was, in the employ of Henry A. C. Taylor at his farm in Portsmouth. On the evening of the Fete Day celebration he was standing on the City wharf watching the fireworks, etc., when a sky rocket swerved from its course and struck him, inflicting serious injuries. He has entered suit for \$20,000 damages against certain members of the committee.

The men against whom the suit was brought are F. P. Garrettsen, Melville Bull, A. C. Landers, John H. Wetherell, Edward W. Higbee, Dalton E. Young and Joseph Barrett. Of these, all except Garrettsen and Bull were members of the sub-committee on fireworks.

The plaintiff is represented by Hon. Charles E. Gorman of Providence and the defendants by Col. Samuel R. Honey of this city. There is a report that Henry A. C. Taylor is back of the plaintiff in the case.

The election of officers at the Aquidneck National Bank on Tuesday revealed the fact that intimate business relations have been entered into between this bank and the Newport Trust Company. The number of directors of the Aquidneck Bank was increased and there were elected Messrs. Frederick Tompkins, Angus McLeod, George H. Norman and William P. Buffum, all of whom are directors of the Newport Trust Company.

Miss Edith M. Tilley has been elected president, Miss Bertha Peckham vice president, Miss Ella M. Peckham secretary, and Miss Lillian Manchester treasurer of a local branch of the International Sunshine Society which was recently organized in this city.

The army and navy branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has opened for the use of soldiers and sailors under the charge of Secretary James B. Spencer.

The officers of Malbone Lodge, No. 58, N. E. O. P., were installed Thursday evening by Past Grand Warden Charles S. Crandall as special deputy. A collection was received.

The engagement of Miss Amanda Norman and Mr. Thomas Aylworth is announced.

## Recent Deaths.

### Mr. Harry H. Brown.

Mr. Harry H. Brown, a well known printer, died Thursday, at his home, 101 Thames street. He was 70 years of age. He was a native of New York and had been in this city for many years. He was a member of the Typographical Union and at one time held the offices of secretary and treasurer.

A widow survives him.  
Mrs. Charles C. Tripp.

The announcement of the death of Mrs. Annie M., widow of Mr. Charles C. Tripp, came as a shock to her relatives and friends. Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Tripp was down street and on returning home she complained of not feeling well and stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold H. James on Elm street to rest. She rapidly grew worse and died about 7 o'clock, before she could be taken to her home on Third street.

Mrs. Tripp was a very estimable woman, and leaves two daughters, Misses Lottie and Edith Tripp.

Despite denial it is learned that the President thinks there is possibly some ground for anxiety over foreign interference with the United States Ishman canal plans. It is reported that he intends to send to Congress a message calling attention to the situation and intimating that an attempt by any other nation to construct or control the canal will be regarded as an unfriendly act by this country.

Wm. C. Elliott has transferred his real estate business to Wm. E. Brightman, and will use his influence and devote part of his time in Mr. Brightman's behalf in the future.

Dr. Albert D. Mead of Brown University delivered an interesting address before the Natural History Society Wednesday evening on the significance of biological theories.

Joseph Moore Boker, formerly of this city, died in Brooklyn on Saturday last. He leaves two daughters, Miss Boker and Mrs. Thomas J. Tew, who reside in this city.

The skating has been very good on the ponds about the city this week and lots of young people have taken advantage of the opportunity to enjoy this winter sport.

Mr. James T. Wright of this city was on Wednesday elected one of the vice presidents of the Rhode Island Pharmaceutical Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burlingham, who have been in Boston for a visit, have returned home.

The Newport Horticultural Society give their annual ball on the evening of February 13th.

Bishop McVicker, who has been ill, is slowly improving.

Royal Blue Line Personally Conducted Tours  
To Washington Jan. 16th and 20th, Feb. 13th, March 6th and 20th, April 24th and 17th, \$25.00 covers all expenses, including five days' board in Washington, and visit to Philadelphia and New York, with sleeper privileges.

To Boston Jan. 23, Feb. 6 and March 9, \$20.00 covers all expenses in Jacksonville and return.

For tickets, guide to Washington, and full details, address Joseph P. Vaughan, N. E. P. A., 231 Washington B. B.

DONALD  
DONALDSON, JR.Being a True and Accurate  
Description of the Diamond Mystery  
as told by the Author of the  
Public Mind, and of the  
English, Which is the  
Key of the MysteryBy HOWARD FIELDING  
Copyright, 1907, by Charles W. MooreCHAPTER VIII.  
MYSTERY OF THE COALS OF DIAMONDS  
(CONTINUED).MR. KELVIN was not im-  
pressed by this declaration.  
His face with a great rus-  
sian of ribbons."Won't you come, too, Mrs. Donald-  
son?" she said, "and you, Mr. Harring-  
ton? There is room in the carriage."  
Dorothy accused herself from partici-  
pating in this adventure, and while she  
was doing so I got a private word with  
Donald."I'm afraid this is a bad business,  
boy," said I. "Kelvin will triumph  
over you.""I shall be glad to give him the  
chance," replied Donald. "If anybody  
wants to prove that I'm not a psychic  
medium, he can have my help every  
time.""Suppose Kelvin got it himself?" I  
whispered. "This may be a put up  
job."He had no time to respond to this  
suggestion in words, but I could see  
that he took a different view of the  
matter. If he had any inner light upon  
the subject, he did not share it with  
Mrs. Kelvin and me during the drive to  
The Elms. He remained silent, ex-  
cept when directly addressed, and his  
replies were as brief as courtesy  
permitted them to be.When we reached The Elms, we  
were met by Amy, who had the air of  
one that had waited in great im-  
patience. It was impossible to be blind to  
the fact that she regarded this appeal  
to Donald as a grand and glorious vi-  
sualization of him and that she expected  
immediate and notable results. Don-  
ald by this time had sunk to such a  
level of dejection that not even the  
sight of the full moon of his youthful  
fancy could move him in the least. In  
fact, he seemed to be so miserable that  
he could not look her in the face.Mrs. Kelvin viewed his state with  
alarm, for her hope was really fixed  
upon him. She had more than her  
share of that peculiar feminine true-  
th in the supernatural which makes wo-  
men the easy prey of all delusions. It  
was reinforced by the wily habit of  
disagreeing radically with Mr. Kelvin.  
I could see clearly that she would be  
very angry with Donald if he failed.For my own part, I had not felt at  
all since the day when I was first  
led to expose before the eyes of my  
fellow citizens of Tunbridge my ap-  
parently infallible in golf breeches and  
boots, and that a sad day for an old  
man whom all the little boys and girls  
have been taught to respect. The mem-  
ory of it filled across my mind as I  
stood there on Kelvin's veranda. The  
lord of The Elms was visible within  
the house, where he sat near a long  
window in earnest conversation with  
my old friend Graves Reedy. I was  
somewhat surprised at Kelvin's choice  
of a detective. It might suggest a pur-  
pose to get two values for his money  
by "pumping" Reedy in regard to the  
affair of the robbery at the factory and  
Donald's predilection of it.Kelvin and Reedy rose immediately  
and came toward the window. Just as  
they stepped out upon the veranda I  
heard Donald say to Amy in a plead-  
ing, discomfited tone, "Do you really  
wish me to do this?""Of course I do! Of course I do!"  
the girl replied, with energy.By this time I had clasped the hand  
of Kelvin, whose manner was as cour-  
teous and cordial as that of a dog who  
for fear of a whipping permits another  
dog to eat out of his dish. I had never  
before realized how complete was the  
domestic subjection in which my new  
neighbor dwelt."Glad to see you, glad to see you,"  
said he. "This is an opportunity that  
we all ought to welcome. Seems to  
have been made by Providence ex-  
pressly for the purpose. Now, if I've  
misjudged young Mr. Donaldson, you'll  
find me eager to square the account,  
and of course there's no quarrel between  
you and me and never has been. You  
understand that thoroughly. I trust. It  
gives me pleasure to welcome you to  
The Elms.""I am going to be very frank with  
you, Mr. Kelvin," I said. "You did  
Donald a great injustice this morning,  
and that will be true whether he fails  
or succeeds in this present matter. It  
was in the hope that you had recog-  
nized this fact that we accepted Mrs.  
Kelvin's invitation."I was glad to have found some rea-  
son to justify my own conduct to my-  
self. As a matter of fact, I had been  
wondering all the way over how in the  
world we had happened to come."I have recognized it," said Kelvin,  
turning red. "Yes, sir; I have. We'll  
let it stand that way. Ah, Mr. Don-  
aldson! Exceedingly obliged to you  
for your kind offer to assist us in this  
trouble. We expect great things of  
you.""I can't do it, Mr. Kelvin," said Don-  
ald in a tone of deep wretchedness. "I  
can't find the diamonds. I don't even  
know how to go to work to try. I'm  
as likely to find the north pole sticking  
up through the floor of your veranda.  
But Mrs. Kelvin insisted upon my  
coming.""Mrs. Kelvin is a great insister. I'm  
not at all surprised to see you," said  
the old villain, with a grin. "Take  
your own time. Don't hurry."Upon this Mr. Reedy favored us with  
a brief review of his endeavors."There's only one thing in it," he  
said in conclusion. "Where did she  
put the diamonds? That's the point.  
Where did she put 'em?""The maid?" asked Donald in a  
dreadful tone.

Mr. Reedy nodded three times.

"I suppose she must have taken  
them, poor girl," said Donald, "if you  
say so.""The facts speak for themselves,"  
said the detective."They don't speak to me," said Don-  
ald, with a weary smile. "I can't hear  
a whisper."He sat down in a big chair and bur-  
ied his face in his hands. At that mo-  
ment Mrs. Kelvin, who had been speak-  
ing with the butler in the hall, emerg-  
ed from the house with the usual tur-  
fing sound."Kashah!" whispered Mr. Kelvin.  
"He's going into a trance."Donald sprang to his feet, his face  
as red as a beet. I expected a wisp  
puffed from the young man, for the  
word "trance" to him is as a Harvard  
banner to a bull, but he preserved his  
self control marvellously."Would you mind if I walked about  
a bit?" said he. "It's no earthly use,  
you know. May I go into the house?"He moved toward the door and then  
came face to face with Martha Hill,  
the suspected maid, who was just com-  
ing out. She was a woman, faded, but  
not without intelligence and meant perhaps for a better  
station, yet now a creature of lifelong  
servitude. Her mouth had a peculiar  
droop at the corners, so that she must  
have looked sad at all times. She had  
shed many tears that day, and her eyes  
were red, her nose, too, poor woman,  
and altogether she was a picture of  
woe.Donald kept his eyes upon her as she  
crossed the veranda toward her mis-  
tress. When she had taken her place  
behind the chair in which Mrs. Kelvin  
had sat down, she turned and looked at  
Donald. It was clear that she knew  
who he was and why he had come."You were quite right, Mrs. Kelvin,"  
said my boy. "Your maid is perfectly  
innocent."At these words Martha's feelings  
overcame her. She walked disconsol-  
ly and fell upon her knees, not because  
she thought the act appropriate, but  
because she could not help it.Donald turned hastily toward the  
house and made three attempts to open  
the door. I describe his action as it  
appeared. There was an ordinary  
screen door, very easy to open, but he  
tried three times and failed. Then he  
shook his head and walked across the  
veranda to the steps, returning imme-  
diately to the door, by which he stood  
for some seconds, hesitating."The diamonds are not in the house,"  
said he at last."That's easy," said Reedy. "I've  
been hunting for 'em since 11 o'clock.""It may be that that's why I feel  
that they're not there," returned Don-  
ald, as if gratified to receive this ex-  
planation. "You never can tell where  
these foolish notions come from. Have  
you searched outside the house?""Outside the house is a wide prob-  
lem," rejoined Reedy. "It includes  
most everywhere. But I've looked  
around a bit."

Donald groaned.

"I do hate this business as like the  
old Harry," he said. "But it's got to  
be done. Would you mind if I walk  
around the house? I don't know what  
I'm doing it for, yet I can't sit still."He ran down the steps of the veran-  
da, and we all followed him, as he  
raised no objection. In an absurd  
straggling procession we made the cir-  
cuit of the great old mansion."Well," said Reedy as we stood  
again before the main entrance, "did  
you see 'em anywhere?"Donald shivered in the heat of the  
summer day."I've been mighty close to them," he  
said. "Let me try that once more."This time he led us less than half  
way around, and we came to a hall  
beside a pile of coal that had been  
dumped that day before an entrance  
to the cellar. Kelvin is a thrifty man.  
He buys coal not when he needs it,  
but when it is cheapest. The pile may  
have amounted to about three tons.  
Donald regarded it steadily for some  
seconds and then walked hesitatingly  
toward the cellarway."You've been down there, Mr. Reedy?"  
he queried, and then suddenly and  
with decision he said, "The diamonds  
are there!"He pointed directly toward the heap  
of coal."There?" echoed Kelvin. "In that  
coal? Why, the stuff wasn't brought  
here till this forenoon. How do you  
suppose the diamonds could get into it?"Donald dashed the perspiration from  
his forehead with a gesture of de-  
spair."I don't know a blessed thing about  
it, Mr. Kelvin," said he, "except that  
they're there."Kelvin seemed somewhat taken  
aback. He regarded it as perfectly  
obvious that the diamonds could not be  
hidden in the coal, which had not been  
delivered until after the arrival of De-  
fective Reedy. Why had Donald com-  
mitted himself to such a clear absurd-  
ity? It looked like a trick, and Kelvin  
glanced quickly at Reedy as if to read  
advice in his eyes. The detective elev-  
ated his eyebrows and his shoulders  
simultaneously and spread out his  
hands with the palms forward. It was  
equivalent to saying "I pass" in a  
game of cards.The iron lips of our amiable host  
came together firmly and he settled  
himself upon his broad, flat feet in the  
manner of an orator who has reached  
the great, convincing argument of his  
discourse."Now, I call this a clear cut issue,"  
said he. "We've got this thing local-  
ized, so to speak. Either those di-  
amonds are here or they are not!"And his head came forward as he ut-  
tered the last word with a decisive  
snap that would have endangered his  
neck if it hadn't been so thick. He was  
a man of ready executive ability, and  
the way he went to work to insure a  
proper inspection of that heap of coal  
commanded my admiration. It was re-  
minded a basketful at a time, and Kel-  
vin saw every lump of it.Four sturdy grooms were selected  
for the task, and they were subjected  
to a scrutiny that would have sufficed  
for a court of cash in the United States  
treasury, yet they were driven at good  
speed, so that the coal vanished rap-  
idly into the cellar. Kelvin was toothirsty to put it anywhere except in  
the bin.It was a warm day, and the flying  
coal dust stuck like glue Kelvin,  
whose head was in every basket, grew  
black as the moments sped away.  
Perspiration rolled down from under  
his hat and striped his broad face re-  
solutely and in ever changing patterns.  
Occasionally, as if disinterested with his  
war paint, he would obliterate the de-  
sign with a wild sweep of his hand-  
kerchief, and a new and fiercer deco-  
ration would take its place.I could have spent a most enjoyable  
hour but for my anxiety over my boy's  
account. As the work progressed gloom  
settled darker upon Donald's face than  
owl shut upon Kelvin's. From time  
to time our host would glaze at Don-  
ald like some black cat of the  
south-west, and my boy would respond  
with a glance of mournful resignation.At length there remained but very  
little coal scattered upon the ground.  
One of the grooms carefully swept it  
into a heap. Kelvin, who had been  
scrutinizing it, bending forward with  
his gray hands upon the knees of his  
gray flannel trousers, slowly straight-  
ened up."Well," said he in a voice thick with  
coal dust, "what do you say now?"He favored Donald with a grin that  
had a peculiar, striped appearance.  
Donald's hat was on the ground, and  
he had rumped his hair into a strange-  
ly tangled mass. He was biting his  
lips nervously."It occurs to me, sir," said he, "that  
a diamond is pure carbon crystallized  
and that coal is chemically the same  
substance in a slightly different form.  
It is possible that I may have been de-  
ceived by this coincidence, so—"Kelvin uttered a low, hoarse roar,  
and I think he would have followed it  
with some remark that might have in-  
terrupted the social harmony between  
our households, but at this moment De-  
fective Graves Reedy touched him on  
the arm."It's all right," said he. "Don't  
worry, don't say a word just wait."He turned and ran toward the house  
with surprising agility. He cleared the  
steps leading to a side entrance with a  
single bound and vanished from our  
sight. We remained silent, huddling  
together like startled children, and  
staring toward the house.It must have been less than a minute,  
yet it seemed much longer to us as we  
stood there bewildered. Then there  
came a sharp and loud sound which  
drew our eyes toward a window in the  
peak of a gable. Donald turned sud-  
denly and looked heavily upon my  
shoulder, and I heard him groan. But,  
before I could frame a question there  
came the voice of Reedy from the  
gable window."I've got him!" he cried, thrusting  
out his head. "Nobody hurt! He's  
safe!""That's Cobb's room," said Kelvin in  
a most peculiar voice.Really the old fellow was nearly  
strangled by his amusement, as he at-  
tempted to confess. He had com-  
pressed the situation much more quick-  
ly than I had been able to do, and he  
knew that Reedy had arrested Cobb,  
the butler, upon evidence which the  
detective believed to be absolutely con-  
clusive. Indeed the pistol shot might  
be regarded as settling all questions  
about the servant's guilt.We all began to talk at once, and no  
one had heard any remarks except I  
knew when Reedy appeared at the door  
leading his prisoner, handcuffed. Cobb  
was a tall, dark man of a very peculiar  
build, having the longest body for his  
height that ever I saw on a human be-  
ing. Not only were his legs short, but  
his shoulders were abnormally high, so  
that, viewed from behind, with a rea-  
sonably long coat on, he seemed to be  
sunk in the ground up to his knees.I had marked him by the main en-  
trance when we arrived and later up  
on the outskirts of the group around  
the coal heap, later still upon the  
threshold of the door through which  
Reedy had pursued him."I've had my eye on this fellow," said  
the detective. "I seen him getting  
more and more worried as that coal  
got thinner on the ground, and finally  
I seen him make a break; then I know  
where we stood. I found him in hisroom grabbing a few of his things, and  
among 'em was his gun, but I'm too  
old a bird to be caught that way; else  
call, though."He touched his forehead, where the  
skin upon one side had been slightly  
blackened by the flame of the pistol."Did you get the diamonds?" ex-  
claimed Mrs. Kelvin, with a woman's  
instinctive appreciation of the really  
important issue.Reedy had a hand upon his prison-  
er's arm.

"They're here, sir?" he asked.

Cobb nodded. He was not looking  
at Reedy, but at Donald, and there  
was a strange mixture of superstition  
and terror of him in his expression."Buried 'em last night, I suppose,"  
didn't dare to skip; too shrewd to hide  
'em in the house when all outdoorswas upon you. As that the look?"  
"Yes," said Cobb solemnly.Reedy drew the man toward the  
found black mark upon the ground  
where the coal had lain."Get one of your people to dig here,"  
said he, tapping with his foot.My own eyes could distinguish no  
sign that anything had been buried, so  
carefully had Cobb done his work, but  
Reedy had had experience in such mat-  
ters. In two minutes the dirt was  
loose and he had examined, and the light  
of day flashed upon the collar of the  
diamond."Now, Mr. Kelvin," said the lady of  
The Elms, "I think we are all thank-  
ed except—""Except me," said Kelvin. "Well,  
I'm ready to make all kinds of apolo-  
gies. This thing is beyond me. I say,  
you," he cried, turning to Cobb in order  
to change the subject. "Was anybody  
in with you on that? Tell the truth,  
and we'll make it right for you.""I was in it alone," said the man in  
that weary voice of the detected crim-  
inal—the voice that succeeds the high  
keyed excitement which prevails while  
there is hope in doubt. "You remember  
that I saw you put the things into the  
safe. I noticed the collar wasn't  
there, and so I went and got it later  
just before sunrise. I know it would  
be on the dressing table of the room.  
It was easy enough. I was a fool to  
take the box, but I thought it would be  
easy to bury the things in. If I  
hadn't done that, you might not have  
missed the diamonds for two or three  
days. But I suppose Mrs. Kelvin was  
reminded of them by seeing that the  
box was gone. Why didn't I think of  
that? We're all fools!"He shrugged his high shoulders.  
"I won't ask you to let up on me," he  
continued. "I ain't any use. Take  
me away.""The hot words were addressed to  
Reedy.""Take him into the house," said Kel-  
vin. "Keep an eye on him, of course,  
I'll be with you later. And now," he  
added, turning toward Donald, "I want  
to say to you—""Don't, Mr. Kelvin," said my boy,  
with tears in his eyes; "please don't.  
This is more painful to me than it can  
possibly be to you. I want to go home  
and lie down—and die."CHAPTER IX.  
MYSTERY OF THE PRACETON PROFESSOR.MR. KELVIN insisted upon  
ordering the carriage  
to take us home, though it was  
not far enough to warrant  
the trouble. She overwhelmed Don-  
ald with expressions of gratitude and as-  
surances of her great and triumphant  
faith in his power.The poor boy was dazed as if by  
some sudden and weighty sorrow. I  
repeated, "Thank you, thank you, Mrs.  
Kelvin." In the manner of one who  
receives courtesies that are power-  
less to draw his mind away from his  
bewilderment. While we were riding  
home he was unable to restrain his  
tears, and, being at the age when one  
is most ashamed of them, he knuckled  
his eyes diligently.The deacon and Dorothy were on the  
veranda as we drove up, and Car-  
Archer came out of the house a mo-  
ment later."Uncle will tell you," said Donald  
evading questions and questioners with  
a nervous haste. "I've got to dress for  
dinner."He was half way up the stairs, as I  
judged by his speed, before anyone  
could utter a word to restrain him.  
Thus deserted by the hero of the oc-  
casion, I told my story as briefly and  
clearly as I could. Carl occasionally  
interrupted me with a question, but  
Dorothy and the deacon said nothing.  
Obviously they viewed the story in a  
different light.Before I had finished Donald threw  
his hand between the wings of the  
screen door."Mother," he called, "can I have my  
dinner served in my room? I don't  
feel very well."The tone in which the last words  
were uttered was intended to be con-  
vincing, but it made us all laugh."Come out here, you big stupid," said  
Dorothy. "We won't talk about it."He advanced with hesitation and  
embarrassment. Presently we sat  
down to dinner, which was served out  
of doors in the red rays of the sunset,  
and throughout the meal Dorothy  
made good her pledge, checking every  
reference to the adventure of the day.Late in the evening I had a word or  
two with Donald upon the subject."Dorothy and I have tried to talk  
this matter over two or three times," said  
he, "but it results in mutual recom-  
mendations, so we have tacitly agreed not  
to mention it again."

"Recommendations?" I echoed.

"She says Don inherits this from  
me," he replied, with a smile, "and I  
say that he inherits it from her. That's  
as far as the discussion ever goes. I  
don't know what she has said to Don,  
I haven't said anything. He'll stop of  
his own accord."I knew from old experience that any  
attempt to draw him out upon this  
subject would be futile. Three minutes  
was the limit of time that his mind  
could be held upon it. So we passed  
to other matters, and I said that I was  
glad to have heard him sing with Dor-  
othy that evening, of late years he had  
sung so little."My voice is getting old and worn  
out," he said. "I am past my singing  
days."I assured him with sincerity that  
their two voices had never sounded  
sweeter than on that very evening."Dorothy's is as fresh as a girl's," he  
replied. "To my ear, certainly, it hasn't  
changed at all.""It seems to me that it has improved  
in the last two years," said I."She has used it more," said he. "A  
singing voice needs exercise, and after  
mine grew rusty Dorothy neglected her  
own until Archer came. She likes to  
sing with some one else. I wouldn't  
call Archer a great tenor," he added,with a smile, "but his voice has the  
ring of youth in it.""Donald," said I somewhat impe-  
tuously, "that gray hair of yours has  
made a crack of you."He walked up to a mirror and ex-  
templated his image.

"I look like a big old weather beaten

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